THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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FOR THE NEW YEAR.

These are the gifts I ask
Of Thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of the woods and comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,
And after showers the smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,
And, best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth.

—Henry van Dyke.

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

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W. W. Ferrier, Editor, 2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Roman Catholic cathedral at Reno, Nevada, was destroyed by fire recently and the Catholics were offered the temporary use of the First Congregational Church which they accepted with gratitude, and the Congregational people have been the recipients of special words of recognition and thanks from high dignitaries of the Roman Church. We understand that there was some criticism of the Congregational people of Reno because of this proffer. There are always people belated in their ideas as well as in other ways.

James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railroad was asked recently about his busiest Christmas. He replied that it was in 1884. Having reorganized the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, he set out that winter, alone except for four dogs, to find a route for his proposed road. His outfit included a sledge, a small canoe, two boxes of sausages, coffee, hardtack, cooking utensils and a rifle. He kept his bearings by the sun and compass by day, and the North Star and compass by night. "Christmas?" repeated Mr. Hill, reflectively, "may be I never noticed Christmas. It might have come when I was in a region traversed by hostile Indians, when I traveled at night and slept by day. Maybe I was lying by a cave I dug in the snow." That aside, Mr. Hill recalled that he supplemented his packed provisions with any game he could shoot, and that, when he could shoot nothing, he melted snow in his camp kettle, made coffee and got along on coffee and hardtack. Sometimes he would walk, sometimes make the dogs haul him, ford portable streams with the help of his canoe, and, once in a great while, find a horse that could be ridden. The open air and exertion of that memorable trip made a new man of him, and, "Thanks to Christmas Day or something else," he said, with grim humor, when it was finished I had found a peerless route for my road."

The annual New Year letter of the pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco expresses the longing which Dr. Adams has to help make the year one of blessing in the Christian life of all his people. But the pastor feels his limitations more than ordinarily, the members being scattered over four counties. The letter says: "The pastoral work is greatly complicated by this scattering, and the neighborhood about us does not yet show any particular drawing toward any kind of a church. We are literally turning a corner; we have to depend on the faithfulness of members at a distance while we build in a local membership and draw together a congregation within walking distance of our church edifice." As the pastor looks back over the year 1909 he realizes that it has been "one of definite gains in many ways." "We feel more solid ground under our feet, and look into the future with hope. The most notable evidence of strength has been the cheerful willingness of members to do what is asked of them; and our younger men and women are getting under the load in a way that brings joy to the heart of the pastor." As to the congregations it is noted that there are in them a large proportion of men. In the morning nearly half of the congregations are made up of men; and in the evenings there are always present many more men than women. Of the forty persons received during the year twenty-one were men.

The Rev. W. Elsworth Lawson of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, sent to his people a New Year letter in which he said: "A fresh study of the historical sources of Christianity has shown me that in the beginning all Christians recognized the leadership of the Holy Spirit; they all felt themselves to be inspired. They went about telling others the glad tidings and persuading them to live as Jesus had lived. Wherever they went they carried along with them the consciousness of being His people. Religion became the paramount interest of their lives; and everywhere it was a religion of joy. The conviction of the love of God which came to them through Jesus Christ gave to life a new significance. Materialism, worldliness and pessimism became impossible to them. They consecrated themselves to the service of the Master and sought to bring others into the same definite service. They were men and women of prayer, because they knew that God heard them." "Now, I find in history, that every genuine spiritual revival was a return to that first simple earnest temper manifested throughout the New Testament," continues Mr. Lawson, and he asks his people to consider these things and what they imply, saying in that connection: "Our church is in the centre of a vast non-church-going people, and could become a great spiritual force and a real Home in which men and women would find welcome and help and redemption from sin. Will you therefore put aside all the things that you know are hindering your life from becoming the vital power it might be? In humble dependence on the Holy Spirit, I myself would face the year with this determination. And I beseech you, in the name of the Lord whom we love, to consecrate yourselves afresh to the service of God, in the redemption of East Oakland."

Among the reasons why the national government should proceed cautiously in surrendering its control of the coal lands of Alaska is one having in view certain future conditions on the Pacific which are of constantly increasing importance, says the New York Mail. "Our naval strength and other agencies of national defense in those waters are growing rapidly, and, if directed by sound policy, must continue to grow for years to come. Moreover, there is reason to believe that American capital, aided by fostering legislation, may ultimately give the nation a merchant marine capable of commanding a share of its own in the un-

folding commerce of the Pacific. The efficiency both of our naval and our commercial projetcs on the Pacific requires an available coal supply as one of the first essentials. Our naval vessels cruising in that part of the world are now using coal from Eastern States stored in depots in California, Washington and Hawaii, and in the event of belligerent operations the movement of the fleet might be seriously hampered by the lack of fuel. It is necessary not only for the navy but for the merchant ships of the future that the coal supply shall be as abundant and as free from anything like monopoly control as possible. Alaska contains vast stores of excellent coal, undeveloped as yet, but capable of supplying the needs of our expanding interests on the Pacific. This coal, particularly that from the immense deposits in the region of Controller Bay, is described as equal to the best from the Eastern States, showing less than the average of ash and sulphur and producing more thermal units per one hundred pounds than the highest bituminous grades from Pennsylvania, Maryland or Virginia. The importance of these Alaska coal measures to naval and commercial interests on the Pacific is so manifest that their transfer from government to private control would be a proceeding of extremely doubtful wisdom. It has already provoked earnest protest from various commercial bodies, and it is significant that the Navy Department also has entered strong objections to the project. The opposition of these united influences should be enough to cause an indefinite postponement of the whole programme."

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the famous frontiersman, trapper, and scout—Kit Carson—occurred on the 24th of December. It was Carson who found paths for Fremont from the Rockies to the Pacific. He fought under Fremont when the Mexicans were driven out of Northern California. In September, 1846, in command of fifteen men, Kit Carson started on horseback for Washington with despatches informing President Polk of the empire that had been won on the Pacific. But meeting General Kearney near Santa Fe, the despatches were intrusted to another courier and Carson joined Kearney's column in its westward marcch. The battle of San Pasquala, in Southern California, followed. Kearney was outnumbered and surrounded. At night Carson made his way through the cordon of Mexican sentinels, traveled on foot to San Diego, and returned with a relief force. In March, 1847, he again left California and rode to Washington with despatches for the President. It has been said that much of the glory of Fremont is reflected from Carson who guided him in his expeditions and who had the clearer right to the title of "Pathfinder of the Rockies." "When the hinterland between the Rockies and the Pacific was beset by dangers and difficulties, Carson's services were placed at the disposal of the government; and but for his courage, tact, patriotism and ability, national boundaries might not be where they are today. As an avant-courier of civilization the saddler's apprentice deserves a place with Pike and Fremont and Lewis and Clark in the Valhalla of the West." Colonel Inman says that in his boyhood days his imagination was fired by the stories he read of the exploits and daring of Kit Carson. He firmly believed the frontiersman to be ten feet tall, carrying a rifle so heavy that, like Bruce's sword, it required two men to lift it. He imagined that Kit drank out of nothing smaller than a river and that he picked the carcass of a whole buffalo as a lady does the wing of a quail. Ten years later Colonel Inman made the acquaintance of the redoubtable Kit, and he was astounded to find him a delicate, reticent, under-sized, wiry man, the very opposite of the type his boyish brain had created.

Senator Wilson of the state of Washington was at the National Capital not long ago and in an interview spoke of the Pacific Northwest and water power resources and conservation in part as follows: "The issue of conservation with us is merely a question of the removal of friction between the national government and the state. Washington is so rich in natural resources that the government seems to desire to conserve about everything we own. In the water-shed of the Columbia river there is known to exist about one-third of the entire water power of the entire country. On the Des Chutes river alone water-power is now being developed for 600,000 people, and it is only a question of time when every wheel in the Northwestern country will be turned by eletcricity." "We have a peculiar manifestation of nature in connection with our water power known as glacial tides," said Mr. Wilson. "Many of our mountains are covered with snow and ice the year round. On Mount Rainier alone there is probably about forty square miles of glacier. As the sun beats upon these great snow and ice banks during the day it melts them, and by nightfall, just when we need the greatest amount of power to run our power-plants, this melted snow and ice reaches the in-takes through the rivers, and we have the added power for lighting. Probably nowhere else in the world does this valuable phenomenon exist." As to the forest reserves it was said: "The extent of our forest reserves is not appreciated in the East. The fact that the East does not understand or appreciate the vast areas set aside by the government in the western states is one of the chief reasons why the East and the West approach the subject of conservation differently, although both honestly and sincerely favor the policy." Then Mr. Wilson recalled an incident which illustrated this fact, saying: "When Governor Hughes of New York came out to see our fair at Seattle, he made a speech in which he said that we of the West would probably be surprised to know that the state of New York had set aside a million acres of land for forest reserve. It fell to me to reply to the speech of the Governor, and I told him that we were indeed surprised that anybody in the state of New York would let that much get away from him. Then I told the Governor that if the forest reserves of the State of Washington were placed side by side in one continuous body of land the entire state of New York could not only be put down in the middle of it, but a man could walk around the boundaries of the forest reserve and then be unable to see the boundary line of the state of New York."

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE RELIGIOUSLY.

The Boston Transcript of December the 24th contained an admirable survey of Christian work and progress during the year 1909 which we give here in part as follows:

Organized Christianity in America fared above the average during the calendar year now practically ended. The feature of the year has been the cementing of the unification plans made the year before, and proving to Christians and other people that unity has really arrived. There has been freedom from heresy scandals and divisions, and a material prosperity such as few years have known. With

one exception, there have been no anniversaries of great gatherings of first grade. The exception was the centennial of the Disciples of Christ. That was a great occasion and it celebrated a great achievement. Christian leaders of America are working in harmony with each other, and they have a fairly good understanding with leaders in England. This improved condition extends in some slight degree to relations between Protestants and Catholics. There is no more cooperation than formerly, but there is less bitterness and fewer recriminations.

In the matter of membership growth Christian churches have had one of the best years of recent times. With more care than ever before in keeping membership records the increase in some bodies exceeded all previous showing. Roman Catholics, Protestants, Disciples of Christ and Lutherans, with some of the smaller bodies, have had the largest twelve months in their histories. In others the growths were at least normal, save only such bodies as are slight in their adherence to old forms and to orthodox creeds. In a year when most people are declaring against creeds, or at least saying that creeds lack the force of former times bodies most rigid in their creeds made the largest advance in number of adherents.

The same record was made by bodies that cling most strongly to old forms. There were some bodies that last year, as on previous years, decried forms and declared for simple methods, but maintained their simplicity rigidly, and were and are as set in their particular ways as the most orthodox of bodies. Such for example are the Quakers, yet their growth of the year was unusually large.

On the other hand Unitarians and some other bodies, holding loosely to creeds and forms, either stood still in numbers or went backward. It is no part of a news story of Christian affairs for the year to give reasons why. It is enough to state facts. It is claimed by some liberals that their doctrines permeate other bodies. They have said this for many years, yet people go on allying themselves with the others. They give their money through the others. All that is here done is to state what bodies grew, how rapidly they grew and what did not.

The Roman Catholic claim is now 15,500,000, but this is population, which with them is equivalent to membership, or nearly so. Methodists and Baptists are quite near together, and both quite near to the 6,000,000 mark. Lutherans are well on toward the 2,500,000 figure, and Presbyterians made a considerable stride last year toward the 2,000,000 line. Disciples of Christ will soon pass the 1,500,000 mark, a remarkable showing in a century, and the Episcopal Church growth is steady on the last lap to 1,000,000, the year 1909 having seen the greatest twelve-month increase since Jamestown, 1607. It is the conviction of religious leaders that these large bodies, being well in the lead, will continue unless some misfortune overtakes them, and that more and more, as population increases, and especially as cities become great, the small bodies will stand still or go to the wall.

Near the beginning of the year so-called financial hard times had some effect, but the year recovered and practically all Christian bodies have seen the largest financial incomes in their histories. Not only so, but the average contributions per member have been maintained. These stand, as they have for some time, with Episcopalians at the top with $20 per member, and Presbyterians next with $16.50. Conditions of people sought and gained for members have much to do with this average. So does geography, whether strength in numbers is in the East or in the West. Almost exactly $300,000,000 was expended in Christian work in America this year or sent abroad. This is not nearly so large a sum as the cigar bill, but it is larger by $10,000,000 than on any previous year. In the prosperity practically all bodies share.

Almost every mission board, home and foreign, has had the largest income in its history.. More money is being given by living contributors to missions than ever before. All boards are raising the proportion of churches that contribute to them. Ten years ago, in some of the bodies, not half the churches in the respective body contributed to general boards. Today the ratio in those same bodies has been raised to seventy and even eighty per cent. Financial campaigns have been made by the Congregationalists in behalf of all of their benevolences, and their success has been unprecedented, not only in amount but also in spirit of co-operation shown; by Methodists for their African diamond jubilee fund, which went $50,000 beyond the amount asked for, and by the American Bible Societty, which is just now struggling to complete one of $50,000 in order to secure a conditional $500,000. Everybody expects it to succeed. All of these sums, record breaking in amount, are exclusive of strictly benevolent and charitable funds, and also of sums given to education. American benevolence is increasing steadily.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the year is the rising of the laymen to help. This rising is not simply in the Laymen's Missionary Movement, although that is the biggest thing of its kind the Christian world of America ever saw, and is a striking illustration of practical Christian duty. Apart from it, laymen in all bodies have volunteered for personal work. It has taken time for clergymen, trained in the old school where laymen sat in pews and ministers preached to them, and that was all, to accustom themselves to the new order, and some friction has come to the surface. The year now ending has been conspicuous for its success in bringing about a change of feeling on the part of the clergy. It has long been that more laymen stood ready to help than could find work to do, owing to the attitude of the clergy, but the year has changed this condition in large measure. The day is not distant when church almanacs will contain lists, not of clergy merely, but of volunteer lay workers, the work they do, and their addresses. The year 1909 has seen immense changes in this direction, not in behalf of misions merely, but in social service, in Big Brother work in the children's courts, and in instruction in Sunday-schools.

The least promising phase of Christian work in America is found in the Sunday-school. Work under the International Lesson committee, especially that in new possessions and in Spanish-American countries, goes forward rapidly, but the various religious bodies in America, particularly in the large cities in the East, make a poor showing. The number of children in the schools is at a standstill in some bodies, and in others the number increases but slowly. In a few cities there is lack of children, but on the whole there is no such lack. Much hard work has been done during the year on this problem of attendance and instruction. The churches are not idle, but low water mark has been reached in several bodies this year. Conditions are admittedly desperate, with a determination on the part of

leaders in some bodies to find out what is the trouble.

Social service, in the broadest meaning of the words, has made rapid strides this year. That is, the churches took it upon themselves to show to workingmen their interest in them and in their labor conditions. One religious body adopted a platform in which was the declaration that the church is not a rich man's club, where only those things can be said from the pulpit that are agreeable to the rich, and in another general convention a very prominent layman, active both in politics and religion, brought the delegates to their feet with applause by saying that laymen need not concern themselves whether ministers button their collars before or behind—it is the church's supreme business to concern herself with the man who doesn't wear any collar at all. In more cities than ever before there were last summer outdoor services, with attendance in numbers that were larger than ever before known. In some cities the number attending the summer services, held in parks, streets and sometimes shops, were as great as attended the services in the churches in winter, making it true for the first time during the year now ending that Christianity reached as many people in summer as in winter.

Magazines and newspapers admitted to their pages during the year some of the hardest attacks upon organized Christianity, and at the same time they secured through their own efforts, more news concerning Christianity, concerning Christian missions, and concerning religious education, than has been usual in other years. Church leaders regard the change as favorable, and argue that attacks are better than silence. To answer the attacks, not in kind but by giving facts, some religious bodies have, during the year, formed societies whose business it is to watch magazine and daily newspaper columns, especially for letters to editors, and give careful data in courteous form in reply to fault finders and others. The line of work, a new one, has been extended wonderfully during the year.

Roman Catholics who fondly hope to see another American cardinal have been disappointed as in so many previous years. It is believed by an increasing number of very careful observers of religious affairs that no new cardinal will be named so long as Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, the only American cardinal, survives. There have come to the United States within the last six months, or since financial times improved, a considerable number of orders, driven out of France and Spain, and dissatisfied with hard times in Italy. Formerly these foreign orders were not welcomed by American bishops, but owing to an appeal from Rome because of the troubles of Catholics in France, made three years ago, a friendlier welcome is now accorded them. There was marked material prosperity during the year. In many cities churches and schools were erected in large numbers. Gifts to the single missionary society were larger than ever before, in part because the work done is better known, and in part because the society, a Franch one, has created an American branch.

No large building projects were started during the year. On the part of Roman Catholics and Episcopalians there is a considerable increase in the tendency toward elaborate cathedrals. Some of these were begun within the year, and others started in previous years were carried well on toward completion. With the present tendency to restrict the building of small churches in hamlets, through the federation of the churches, to prevent duplication, it has been expected that decrease in amount of property going into religious uses might follow. There is, however, no falling off, or at least there was not during the year. The United States government showed by its recent report that the amount going to such uses during the sixteen years ending with 1906 was $36,134,3000 a year. The record of these sixteen years has, it is stated, not only been maintained, but increased, and the value of church property, houses of clergymen included, in continental United States at the end of this calendar year is $1,400,000,000. In hand for the next few years are so many big undertakings that the ratio of increase can hardly fall off in the immediate future, unless, of course, stringent financial times ensue.

Fnally, a feature of the year, perhaps as great as any, has been the practical working out of Christian unity. The Federal Council, representing more than thirty Protestant bodies and 18,000,000 Church people, was given by some leaders one year to go to pieces. That year was the one now ending. Instead of following predictions, however, it is stronger than when formed, not in financial support which it has secured as promised, but in confidence of those who formed it. Within many of the Protestant bodies a marked change in feeling toward other bodies has taken place this year. It is a growing feeling toward united action, the prevention of overlapping, tolerance of opinion, and common purposes in future plans.

Regarding the many doleful statements made and still making, to the effect that Christian churches are failing, it is to be said that these have been made since the time of Christ. The chief causes why they are made are two. One is that the failure of certain ministers in their own work leads them to say, and be quoted in saying, that Christianity as a whole faces failure. They are unable to distinguish between their own and the general situation. The other reason is the large number of men, not a few of them ministers, who have schemes by which they hope to accomplish things, sometimes for the general, sometimes for their own, good. These men proclaim disaster—and their plan for averting it. Organized Christianity has ever suffered from the first cause. The second one is a feature of the last few years, and accounts in part for the larger number of predictions of disaster than formerly.

A PERSONAL CREED FOR DAILY LIVING.

Albert W. Palmer

(An admirable New Year Greeting was sent out to the people of Plymouth Church, Oakland, by the pastor, the Rev. A. W. Palmer. As soon as we read the copy which came to the Pacific we resolved to give what it contained to a wider circulation of readers than is found in any one chruch, and start it out on its good work in the first issue for 1910. We like what Mr. Palmer says under the caption of "A personal Creed for Daily Living," and believe that many of our readers will like it and will preserve and find it helpful.—Editor.)

It was faith that discovered America—the faith of Columbus that the earth was round. Some people say it doesn't make any difference what you believe. On the contrary it makes all the difference in the world. It is faith that overcomes the world. It is the things that deep down in our hearts we personally hold true that determine our lives.

Every man has some sort of a personal creed, some set of principles by which he orders his life, and "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Two things are necessary if his personal creed is to reach the highest usefulness:

1. It must be sane, rational, not fantastic. There is no virtue in setting your teeth and saying, "This doesn't look reasonable, but I'm going to believe it anyway!" Faith is not "believing things you know ain't so," as the small boy defined it; faith is believing the things that are supremely reasonable.

2. This personal faith must be actually lived. It must be believed by the lips and hands and feet as well as the head.

May I suggest what seems to me to be the outline of such a faith? Call it a Personal Creed for Daily Living. I believe it is a faith which will overcome the world—the petty world of daily trouble and worry as well as the great outer world of brutality and sin.

Believe in Yourself.—That your life has some meaning in the great plan of things; that, however things go outside, you can never really be defeaed so long as you keep your inner life honest and clean. Say:

"I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul!"

Believe in God—That the law, intelligence, conscience, love and beauty with which the world is permeated are not blind or meaningless, but that there is a great soul at the heart of the universe—a wisdom that guides and a love that watches over all. Believe in God enough to say: So far as I can learn what God's purpose is I will put my life in harmony with it. I want to be in tune with Him, so that through me something of His perfect music may sound forth.

Believe in the Meaning of Trouble—Say to every trouble: This can teach me something. I am not going to let it leave me sour or embittered. I am going to be a bigger and better man because of this. I believe that somehow, dark though the present seems, ultimately "to them that love God all things work together for good.'

Believe in Jesus Christ—That His life is the ideal life, His standard of values the real standard, His picture of God the true picture. Believe that in Him God's character and man's possibilities stand revealed. If you are troubled over His miracles or over theories of His nature and person, simply put these troublesome matters up on a high shelf somewhere. Suspend judgment on them for the present. Wait for new light to come. It will come later. You must follow Him before you try to explain Him.

Believe in Your Fellow Men—That they are a good deal like yourself—mixture of good and evil, that even the worst man has hidden away within him some spark of the Divine, that your duty is to love even those you cannot like, and to labor for the coming of a civilization of brotherly men. Jesus called it the "Kingdom of Heaven."

Believe in Work—That it is not a curse but a sacrament through which we come into fellowship with the God who "worketh even until now." Believe that every honest bit of work is a prayer, every bit of cheerful work a religious service, and that every humble and obscure deed unnoticed and unpraised of men, has meaning and value in the sight of God.

Believe in Immortality—That life was made to go on, not to stop; that God gives us dreams to fulfill them, longings and friendships to crown them. If you will believe these other six things, and live them, you will find yourself irresistibly driven to a faith in a future life. Live that faith, too! Count this world but the kindergarten in God's education of your soul, count death a door through which we pass on into a larger and fairer room in the Father's house. Live here and now upon the principles and for those ends which appeal to you as worthy of the possessor of an endless life. Love those nearest and dearest to you with all tenderness and without reserve, for love is mightier than death.

"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by."

IN RETROSPECT.

Edward Lincoln Smith.

(A part of a sermon by Edward Lincoln Smith of Pilgrim Church, Seattle, December 26, 1909. Text: Philippians 3:13: Forgetting the things which are behind.)

The things which Paul sought to forget were those things which, remembered, would impede his progress toward the goal. He did not for one moment seek to forget all his past, but he might easily have spent all his time in hopeless and fruitless regret over things which now he wished he had never done,—that he had ever persecuted the church, that he had ever been anything else than a disciple and follower of Jesus Christ. But such regrets would be unavailing and, more than that, a positive hindrance in his efforts to atone for every deed of his unworthy past. This duty of forgetting the past is an important one, but one which needs to be performed with discrimination, for the past is full of valuable and inspiring memories which must not for a moment be grouped with these things to be forgotten. Rightly discerning between the helps and the hindrances, it is well to exercise this forgetting faculty upon the hindrances before we enter the New Year. This day, midway between the Christmas and the New Year holiday, is peculiarly adapted to this task of forgetting.

Have you ever dwelt for a considerable length of time in a valley and then, when the time came for you to change your abode, climbed slowly up the hill until near the summit, and, turning for a backward look over all that you have known and enjoyed, lingered for a little in remembrance was gratitude, then passed over the divide into a new country with the old lost from view forever. Our situation today is somewhat like that. The day gives us pause and reflection. Mounted in our watchtower, just a few steps before we reach the turn in the way, what do we see? We are looknig backward toward the life of which we have been a part for nearly twelve months. As we look toward the city each one sees the same city, with the same general outline and situation, but each one sees something and looks for something and remembers something which is peculiar to himself alone. He sees, perhaps, some building which he has been constructing, his own home, his own store, or some public improvement to which all

his time has been devoted during the year. These peculiar features of the scene his eye seeks, and amid the general impression of the city these details of his own experiences are the most marked of all the scenes. So it is that each man, looking back over the year, in addition to the general impression of prosperity or adversity, of success or failure, sees certain features which are his own personal and private reflections. He finds, for example, as he glances back from month to month and remembers what was in his mind when the year began, that it has had an unusual share of

Disappointments.

Plans and events have turned out otherwise than as he hoped. The ambitions with which he began the year have not been fulfilled. He has been balked and turned back and stopped, in this direction and in that, as he has essayed to carry out the program which was in his mind when he began the year.

Anither, looking through the months, thinks first of the

Suffering,

of the weeks of worried illness with all the pain and burden and expense which it has involved, either for himself or for those whom he has loved. Perhaps he remembers the weary hours when he has watched, helpless, beside the bed of some loved one, and seen the tides of life ebb slowly away and the breath of life grow shorter until it has ceased to be. Not many days ago a friend told me that several years ago a little life, which had been in their home for nine months, passed suddenly out, and he had yet to see the day since that event that it was not his most vivid recollection. Or it may be some mental suffering which has marked the year, some anguish over the waywardness or the misfortune of some kinfolk. There are many men, sad to say, who, looking back over the year, can see little else than this experience of suffering.

Another is harassed with a consciousness of his

Mistakes.

He sees how he has blundered through the year, how he has done many things in the wrong way and has failed to see at all many things which should have been done. He can see unworthy acts a-plenty, that he has been betrayed by his temper into unworthy thoughts, words and deeds, that he has made a selfish use of his time, that he has been too well satisfied with a worldly, hard, unsympathetic point of view, that he has made an unbrotherly use of the resources of his life, and failed. O, how often through this year to understand his brother's situation before he passed judgment.

It is essential that a man take the right attitude toward all these experiences. It is easy to allow them to become like the black clouds constantly drawing closer and blacker around us, until the other features of life are entirely obscured and we are unable to look through upon any beauties of life. These elements of our past need to be looked fairly in the face, to be well understood without glare of false or unreal light, without self-deception as to their character or as to our responsibility for them; their proper relation to our true present and future needs to be carefully determined, and then, after they have delivered their lesson and taught what they can of personal weakness or strength, they should be securely tied, well weighted and sunk in the depths of the ocean at our feet.

But standing still upon our point of vantage and looking again over the landscape, what is it that we see? The scene is now a fair one. There is the city, its streets, its buildings, its homes. There are the memories of its social gatherings, its buying and selling, its beautiful works of human hands, fair visions of human hearts, music, paintings, architecture and books;—all things speaking of men and women, and they mean friends; friends who have filled the year, and friends who stand ready to instruct, to inspire, to comfort and to delight us still. My deepest sympathy is for the man who cannot feel that his life has been thus blessed, but whose sense of the delightful companion ship and helpfulness of men has been turned into the gall of bitterness; who is persuaded that friends are false, that men are all untrustworthy and that he stands alone upon the journey of life. That is not so. It may seem so, but the reason is often that a man has expected of others that which it was unwise to expect and impossible for them to perform. Whom shall he blame for such expectation? Is not his own stupidity and selfishness accountable for much of his disappointment? Do not men make demands too often when they should be offering helpful service? Is not every service rendered establishing a title in their minds to some larger demand they plan to make at some future day? Are they not giving, expecting more in return? Perhaps you have trusted men unwisely, perhaps you have estimated their capacity foolishly and wrongly, perhaps you have given them tasks to fulfill or responsibilities to carry for which they were never adequate. Their very lack of ability for the task hinders their power to see themselves correctly. The most trying feature of rank stupidity is conceit. They cannot see themselves to blame because they lack ability to understand themselves. You ought to have seen and to have known better. The fault you attribute to them may be your own. It is yours to judge more wisely and to be more just, not to lay on any man a heavier burden than he, with his peculiar qualities, can bear, and then you will not complain that he has played you false. In a word, believe in men, believe in the inherent worth of all men. Rejoice in the opportunity of fellowship, friendship and co-operation, and after you have extracted the few thorns and thistles from the memories of unfortunate relations and experiences, you may rightly exalt and magnify, as among the highest privileges of the pas year, the responsive thrill of a fellow man's sympathetic appreciation, the tremulous signs about the eyes, showing that he too understands, the silent grasp of his hand which banishes that sense of isolation.

A STRATEGIC POINT.

W. N. Burr.

Gibraltar sat on the great rock by the roadside thinking. Gibraltar is one of the best workers in all Westlake County, but occasionally he takes an hour or two off. "Just to think the thing out," when some particularly important "thing" becomes entangled in the meshes of his brain. "Some folks can think best when they are in motion," he remarked one day, "but I can't. My mind just won't settle down to good solid work when my body is all a-flutter."

The big rock was Gibraltar's favorite think-place. "It's solid, there's no jiggle in it, and so it is 'conducive to concentration,' as old Dr. Parkman used to say." This was Gibraltar's good-natured reply to some commonplace ques-

tion of mine one afternoon when I turned the nearby corner just as he was descending from his "thinking-perch."

This time I spied him as I was coming down the mountain-side, a good halfmile from the roadside rock. A little later he hailed me:

"Hello, Doctor, come this way; I want to talk to you."

Like all ministers I am "Doctored" and "Eldered" and "Reverened" by the people, though "D'D'" I am not and never can be, and plain "Mr. Jones" is much more pleasing to me than to be called "Rev. Jones," or "Elder Jones."

"Do you want to know what I've been thinking about today?" Gibraltar asked, as he came down from his rock-mount to meet me at its base.

"It would be a delight," I replied; "for when Gibraltar has been on rocky heights thinking, it is worth any man's while to get the benefit of it."

"Well, Doctor, I've been thinking about the whole Pacific Coast, and I've been wondering if many of you Pacific Coast ministers are on to your job."

"That ground has been pretty well worked, Gibraltar," I remarked, with a smile that was intended to cover a bit of resentment.

"I guess the ground can stand it to have a little more work done on it," replied the Thinker, good-naturedly. "Just let me have my turn at it with my little plow and harrow. I've been mighty cautious about criticizing ministers ever since I read Dr. Jefferson's 'Quiet Talks With Earnest People' some years ago; but ministers are human like the rest of us, so they need the 'kindly word of admonition once in a while.

"Now, here's the Apportionment Plan. Some of the pastors have talked that all over with their churches, and together church and pastor have faced their apportionment for the year, and they have carefully scheduled it off among the seven societies, with a generous slice for the contingent fund; and then they have done some systematic planning to raise it. Of course, somebody has growled and said 'the apportionment for our church is too high, and we'll have to lower it before we can raise it;' but a good, bright pastor and a healthy church will not pay much attetntion to the growlers in this day—just love 'em, and let 'em growl.

"But according to reports there's backwardness about making a bright energetic effort to work the Apportionment Plan in some of the churches, and there's a feeling among the superintendents that the pastors are the chief stumbling-blocks. One Superintendent says many pastors are 'indifferent.' Perhaps he's mistaken. It may be that it's just a lack of good business instinct. Consecrated business instinct—a little of it, anyway—is a pretty good thing for a minister to have. The business end of church work is mightily important, and just now the working of the Apportionment Plan is a pretty large factor in the business department of our churches."

"A fact which we ministers fully appreciate, Gibraltar," I remarked, with clergymanic calmness, "therefore are we cautious. Now, suppose——"

"Be cautious, be **cautious,** be not **too** cautious," Gibraltar broke in, at the same time giving me a look that was kindly but somewhat withering to my weak carefulness. I began but somewhat withering to my weak carefulness. I began to feel that possibly caution without intense earnestness may be as reprehensible as intense earnestness without caution. "If you have a **better** plan for church benevolences than the Apportionment Plan make it known, Doctor. The work demands our **best** effort. But whatever the 'plan' it must be handled with **push** as well as **caution.**"

Gibraltar is one of those rare men who can reprove, rebuke, exhort, and keep a cool head. His convictions burn hot in the secret chambers of his heart, and he is plain-spoken, but he is never fiery in expression; yet, somehow, he succeeds in burning out not a little of the dross in other people's thinking.

"And, Doctor," he continued after a moment, "this just leads up to the heart of what I was thinking about. We **pray** for the coming of a kingdom that is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; but are we **working** for the coming of such a kingdom as we ought? If we are even inclined to plan our campaign as carefully as military men plan theirs, it seems to me we kingdom people who are here on the Pacific Coast ought to be a little more deeply impressed with the importance of the Pacific Coast as a strategic point. We are in touch with the nations of the earth here as kingdom workers as most other points on the great field are not; and for the sake of the cause at large, as well as for our own advancement, we ought to be a great deal more loyal to the interests of the Kingdom on the Coast than some of us are. We have too many professed kingdom people out here, all the way from Vancouver to San Diego, who brought nothing with them but their meat-and-drink interests when they came here from the East. They are very careless concerning their personal responsibility for righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost on the Pacific Coast. And many of them are found in the ranks of the laity, and **some** who have been set apart by the laying on of hands are not very wide-awake to the importance of building the Kingdom interests strong right here. There are two recruiting officers here on the Coast who are after the kingdom people all the time. One of them is named 'Hankering-after-Oranges' and the other 'Hunger-and-Thirst-after-Righteousness;' and the Orangeman is getting a big lot of kingdom people to enlist under his banner who ought to be ashamed of themselves for not taking their places loyally in the other regiments, too. Whatever they have done with their hearts, and their church letters, and their covenant vows, and their allegiance to the Kingdom that Christians **pray** for, I don't know; but a good many seem to have left all that behind somewhere.

"And then many who do take an interest, more or less, in Kingdom work here, don't half appreciate the importance of the Coast as a strategic point. We kingdom people who are privileged to put our lives into the work here ought to concentrate our effort, and build up something **right here** that shall be felt all the world around. We have the opportunity; but we are not loyal enough yet to the work next our hand to endure a little hardness for its sake. For example—and this is not the biggest factor in the problem, but it is one important factor, and it will serve as a little illustration of what I have in mind: Here is our Pacific Coast church paper—a poor little weakling, comparatively; but whose fault is it? There's Congregational money and Congregational literary talent here that ought to be consecrated to Kingdom work on the Coast, and concentrated more than it is on our Pacific Coast

paper, not for the sake of the paper but for the Kingdom interests right here. Congregational men who have executive ability, and Congregational men who have money, ought to insist upon having a better Pacific Coast Congregational paper than the one we have now, and put their ability and money into the hopper and grind out that better paper. And Congregational men and women who have talent with the pen—and we have something like a host of them here on the Coast—ought to begin at once to make themselves felt on the Coast through our own Coast paper. I know that 'communications are not paid for' by our paper now; but an occasional article from this and that and the other Coast writer whose name is familiar in Eastern publications would very soon push it up-grade not a little. Our Coast work demands a fine Coast paper, and God has given us plenty of material out of which to make it. If we don't have it, whose fault is it?

"We ought to want good Kingdom institutions here on the Coast. Then we ought to put that which we control into the work of building them up. Such things do not grow like mushrooms, and if they did we ought not to be satisfied with the mushroom variety. While I was thinking about all this up there on the rock Dr. Grenfell and his Labrador work came to my mind, and I had a vision of Dr. Grenfell trying to do Kingdom work in Labrador with his heart in old England, and he would be sending the money that came to him, and the product of all the talent he has out of Labrador back to England to help build up institutions there. When the Lord sent that man out of England to carry the interests of the Kingdom into Labrador He did it because there was Kingdom business in Labrador that needed to be attended to—homes and hospitals and other institutinos to be built up there. Now Labrador is not to be compared with the Pacific Coast as a Kingdom vantage point; and God is sending a host of Kingdom people here because He has Kingdom business right here that He wants attended to; and we ought to have a larger sense of the trust that has been committed unto us."

"Gibraltar, are you not becoming infected with the virus of that narrowness that has no use for foreign mission work because there is so much that needs to be done at home?" I asked, because I did not know what else to say.

"No, Doctor," replied the Man of the Rock. "It is because I am in most hearty sympathy with the magnificent work of the foreign field that I make a plea for an awakening to our opportunity here on the Coast. Kingdom institutions built up strong and beautiful here will influence the Kingdom campaign all the world over."

La Canada, California, December 29, 1909.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

An After-Christmas Reflection.

If a man believes in his very soul that God means what He says in giving the promise to His Son that the Kingdom shall be His it is easy to believe and feel that each recurring birthday of that Son is better than the one preceding. It is no discount to holy altars, many Christmas trees, delightful groups, delicious banquets of the past that this Christmas was the best yet. So it was for you. So it was for me. For the church too. And the faithful gospel pastor as well. Yet as the tree comes down, and the decorations are put away, and the wilting berries blaze on the hearth, and the evergreen branches crackle in the fire, and the Syrian bells are hung up, there floats into the heart the feeling that we can love more yet, more people, and the old tried friends with deeper glow. So this child of many decades of merry Christmases behind him feels as the rain patters hard on the roof, and the furrows are soaking in the drenching, and the most religious and yet the merriest Christmas he has ever spent passes into a memory.

"He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." In our Lord's satisfaction we are to share. "I shall be satisfied when I wake in His likeness." I want to deliver every friend forever from the bondage of passing down the aisles of a department store with the anxious inquiry, "What shall I give him?" Send me a brown penny postal with a loving greeting at Christmas, or at any other time, and my heart is content. How much heartache in the world could be cured by the cheapest postal! How many wild boys I've seen in the West who proudly said they would send no word home until they could write of good luck. Many a time have I said: "Sit down at that table, friend, and write your mother a letter, for she craves your love more than your luck." How hungry hearts can be for certain letters even when the postman sweats under the loads of other letters. There was a chance for a friend to misunderstand me, and full frankness to him involved another. But he trusted me and a letter in the rain lights up the heart as the sun does the hills. One printed card without a name said all I wanted the sender to write.

Tomorrow will be New Year's Day. If you ought to make an explanation or an apology, make it and get it off your heart. If you ought to consent to an arbitration, consent to it. Perhaps you are wrong in your claim or your judgment. You can afford to be wrong and say you are sorry but you cannot afford to be stubborn, or sullen, or jealous, or neglectful. Nor have you right to risk a precious friendship on one letter. Uncle Sam's mails are wonderful but they are not infalliable. Better pay a dime and register a letter than risk the losing of a friend. I'm sure of this. For we are heading, or we ought to be, toward a time when it shall be Christmas always, as the little boy said he wished it might be Fourth of July all the year! Happy New Year, Pacific readers. May it be the best year our Pacific has ever had.

A Prairie Incident.

When the Northern Pacific was building through Minnesota on its way to Seattle and Tacoma, that busy and helpful lay evangelist, K. A. Burnell, was my guest in the Red River Valley, at Glyndon, Minnesota. I had turned him about on a hand car the night before so that he had marvelously escaped in a collision between two cars and our hearts were tender and grateful. I was a cordial host but an anxious one. I did not see time for prayer in the morning before the train should start for St. Paul. He deftly said, "Let us say the 23rd Psalm," and we were quieted with David's sweet words. "Let us stand around the breakfast table holding hands and sing the Doxology." We sang it without haste, reverently. Then with a few loving sen-

tences he told God our needs for the day and led us in the Lord's Prayer. It was a satisfying and sufficient service fr early morning folk making a train. Taking out his watch he remarked, "Only three minutes for family worship this morning, brother. We made the train. My title in those busy days was "Right Reverend Red River Rover." I've never forgotten the lesson of the loving layman. I can send to heaven no dearer wish for that far-off parish than that they pray.

The Joy of Prayer.

Yet people say they have no time for family prayer. I admit the difficulty of old-fashioned family worship such as Burns immortalizes in "The Cotter's Saturday Night." The children have need to look at their lessons before they scamper off. The telephone rings. Oh, the racket of it! Oh, the comfort of it—sometimes! The vegetable man yells in Italian. The butcher blows his horn. It seems as if the fishman comes more than one morning a week. When all are quiet at the table it is a good time to pray. The saying of verses can be made interesting. A verse of a sweet song helps. Families have heart needs. Father, mother, brother, if your love is deep you can lead your dear ones in prayer at the table. Then at apt moments, when the fire burns bright on the hearth, and there's a lull in the talk, and the day's work is done, you can get in a glorious chapter, and a whole family song, and heaven, even in 1910, will come down into your heart and home while "the saint, the husband, and the father prays."

Saratoga.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Arthur B. Patten.

Lesson for January 16: Candles Under Bushels.

"The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world is the light from God's own life. To have this light is our greatest privilege; to let it shine for others is our glorious duty. But if the light that is in us become darkness, how great is that darkness. Such was the solemn thought of Jesus,—a thought which he repeated when he said, "This is the judgment, that light is come into the world, and men loved te darkness rather than the light."

God wants you to shine through your own personality; or to put it differently, He wants His light to shine through your individuality. Individuality is sacred. You are to believe in your own illuminated life. A man is truly humble, not when he obliterates himself, but when he lets his light shine. To be self-effacing and timid is as ungracious as to be egotistical and bold. We may cover our light with the bushel of diffidence as successfully as with the bushel of pride. In fact diffidence is itself a sort of pride. It is pride that doesn't dare. We are to let our light shine everywhere,—in the prayer meeting and in politics; in Sunday-school and in day school; in church attendance and in business. Have we not written into our pledge, "Throughout my whole life"? The Christian's light is to be the light of the world,—the glory of society and the beauty of the new citizenship.

Of course we are to let our light shine in the prayer meeting. A bright, refreshing Endeavor meeting is an inspiration for the whole week. There should be more of the spontaneous in our testimony and less of the stereotyped. You can hide your light under a mere quotation, or under a snippet of Scripture, as well as under the mantle of silence; unless what you report from another has gone like fire through your own soul and has printed its gospel in your face and intoned it in your voice. You hide your light under a bushel when you give any testimony which you have not made your own by deep thought and feeling.

Your real light is the joy and the impressiveness of your spirituality,—that is, of your faith and hope and love. These must become a perpetual quality of the life, and make home and church and state luminous and brotherly.

There are many kinds of bushels that will hide your precious light,—bushels of ignorance and indifference; bushels of envy and jealousy; bushels of stinginess and greed; bushels of gossip and slander; bushels of unforgiveness and ingratitude; bushels of clannishness and faction. Each of us can complete the list for himself. We are to lay aside every bushel and the sin that doth so easily obscure our candles. Only a deep sense of the value of our individual light, and a great conviction of our responsibility for the cheer and inspiration of the world can lift these bushels and set our candles aloft and aglow. Some of us may need the warning of the angel to the Church in Ephesus, "Remember therefore whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works; or else I come to thee, and will move thy candlestick out of its place."

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—One person united on profession of faith last Sunday.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Eight persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, one on confession.

Bay Point.—The first service in the new building was held last Sunday. Superintendent Rathbone preached. The Church is looking toward a parsonage now.

North Berkeley.—Five persons entered into fellowship Sunday by letter. The matter of a new church building will be taken up for earnest consideration at an early date.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—The Rev. John W. Berger occupied the pulpit last Sunday. The annual church dinner and election of officers will take place on Wednesday evening, January 12.

Benicia.—Electric lights have been put in the church. Arrangements have been made for evangelistic services in February, the Rev. F. M. Price of Berkeley assisting the pastor, Mr. St. John.

Whittier.—Plans are being drawn in Los Angeles for a new Congregational church building which will be built soon at a cost of about $25,000. It will be of artificial stone, in size 110 by 76 feet.

Oakland, Fourth.—Three united with the church at the communion service, the pastor, Mr. Maar, administering the sacrament and preaching the sermon. There was a note of joy and gladness throughout the congregation at the re-appearance of Mr. Maar in his usual place so well

filled heretofore and an earnest longing for him to continue in his pulpit.

San Francisco, First.—Six persons were received into membership at the January communion service, three on confession. Several families that moved to the east side of the bay after the fire in 1906 have moved back recently, and there are indications that the local resident membership will be considerably more increased in a similar manner during the year. The Church closed the year without indebtedness.

Palo Alto.—The Rev. Roy H. Campbell of Sunset Church, San Francisco, has accepted the call from the church at Palo Alto. Mr. Campbell is a graduate of Pomona College, receiving later a degree of Master of Arts from the University of California. While at the University of California he served as Y. M. C. A. secretary. His training adapts him well for the work of the church in this university town. Recently the Church raised $3,600, freeing it from the yearly interest it has been paying. All things are in excellent condition at the beginning of the new year.

Los Angeles, Olivet.—Wednesday evening, after prayer meeting, the pastor of Olivet Church and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Boller—were asked to the home of Mrs. F. A. Holley to "attend to a little matter of business," when upon reaching the place it was found to be full of the church members and the pastor realized himself genuinely "surprised." During the evening packages were given to each, and the little pink stockings within were discovered to contain a number of sandwiches of English walnuts and $5 gold pieces, tied with write ribbon. Mr. and Mrs. Boller expressed their thanks and appreciation, especially to Mrs. Holly, the efficient president of the Ladies' Union, for the gift and the kind feeling which prompted it.

Saratoga.—Saratoga Church had its annual meeting Wednesday, December 29th. As usual the written reports showed life and health in every department, faithful work methodicadlly done, and all obligations and apportionments met. A rare problem is before us. Shall we repair the old church which has been so dear and useful a home; shall we add to it in modern form, or shall we build a new church? We look the duty in the face but no inspiration has yet struck us. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." The afternoon of business was followed by a very hearty social supper and a program of overflowing wit and wisdom. In the midst of it all one item of business, omitted in the afternoon, was attended to heartily and a hundred dollars was voted to be added to Pastor Merrill's salary for 1910. It ought to be added that the work of Miss Sarah Brown, John Brown's daughter, for our Japanese brethren shows fruit for them and for the church which brothers them in the Lord.

Campbell.—The Christmas exercises at Campbell were a success in every way. They were unique and interesting. A large electric star shone in the room, and in the subdued light of the star the Three Wise Men, dressed in flowing Oriental robes, marched in singing, "We three kings from the Orient are." Their leader spoke of the vision that had come to them and wondered if it really had proven true, then there passed in review before the Magi a representative of the various nations of the world, each dressed in their native costume and telling of the influence of the Christ-Child on their nation. After that came the Christmas tree lit with new electric lights, the gifts of friends. Then Sunday evening the pastor had a stereopticon evening, with the beautiful American Board set of slides on Child Life in Far-away Lands." This, in connection with the Sunday-school exercises, made the Christmas services very impressive and one to be remembered.

Oakland, First.—The close of the year finds the activities of this large Church in full operation. Large congregations greet the pastor each Sunday morning and evening, and during the course of sermons on "Religion and Health" last September all standing room was filled, while many went away, unable to enter the doors. Similar crowds attend the "Oratorio" services by the large chorus choir on special Sunday evenings. The mid-week meetings are also well attended, and Mr. Brown is giving us some of the lectures on the study of the Bible delivered at Cornell University last October. A feature of the Church every year is the "Busy People's Bible Class" in the auditorium after the morning service. Last year Professor Bade, of Pacific Theological Seminary, gave a course of lectures on the Old Testament Scriptures, and now Professor Castor of the Seminary is giving a course entitled "A Modern Portrait of Jesus Christ." Great interest is felt in them; they will be continued until March. Everything combines to concentrate attention at this time on the life of Jesus, the Christ, our pastor having begun last Sunday a course of morning sermons on "The Life of Jesus," as outlined in the fourth Gospel, to last until Easter, the first topic being "The Beginning of a New Era," and the Sunday-school will take up the International lessons on the Gospel according to Matthew. The school has prospered under the superintendence of Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, associate pastor, and the attendance is about 700 each Sunday. The sunrise New Year's communion was held as usual, with a large attendance, when the church motto for 1910 was adopted "And, having done all, to stand." At the communion in December, 1909, twenty-two new members were received. The present membership is about 1800.

Alameda.—The annual meeting of the First Congregational Church of Alameda was held on Wednesday evening, December 29th. The report of the clerk was as follows: Members received by letter, 12; members received on confession, 6; members enrolled January 1, 1909, 347. Total, 365. Dismissed to other churches, 8; loss by death, 2; dropped from roll, 29, Membership January 1, 1910, 326; males 107; females 219; non-resident members, 48. The finances of the church were reported to be in good condition and the outlook hopeful for 1910. On the following evening about 180 guests gathered at the farewell reception given to Rev. L. P. Hitchcock and wife, in the church parlors. A musical program under the able direction of Mr. Ernest McCandlish was an enjoyable feature of the evening, after which all present were invited to partake of refreshments provided by the ladies in the assembly hall below. While all were seated around the tables, having done ample justice to the good things provided, the toastmaster of the evening, Mr. J. Edward Warren, called upon Rev. Frank S. Brush of the Presbyterian Church, who made

a humorous address—the humor serving to hide the deep undercurrent of feeling of regret and loss by reason of the brother minister's going. Rev. Wiltsie M. Martin of the M. E. Church, spoke also in a similar vein, and then Deacon W. G. Taylor arose and in a few well chosen words presented the pastor and his wife with a beautiful silver purse containing $170 in gold, as a token of the love and appreciation by the congregation of faithful services during the eight years' ministry. Mr. Hitchcock responded in a most appropriate manner, and at the close Mrs. Hitchcock gave expression to her feelings of gratitude and joy in being the wife of "her minister," calling attention to a package behind her chair, which upon being opened proved to be an excellent portrait of the pastor and elicited hearty applause. The evening closed with the singing of the verse, "Blest be the tie that binds," and benediction by the pastor. Rev. Mr. Hitchcock left on Friday last for Southern California to be gone about a month.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday the Rev. E. F. Green of Ashland, Oregon, will give the address at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

The Pacific erred last week in stating that Professor Castor of Pacific Theological Seminary had been serving as pastor at Mills College for several months. He has been there only on communion Sundays.

The Rev. R. B. Hassell of Everett, Washington, has gone to San Diego for the winter months, and will be available as pulpit supply in Southern California. While the church at Everett was awaiting the arrival of the new-called pastor, the Rev. L. L. West, of Minnesota, Mr. Hassell supplied there.

Dr. and Mrs. William Myron Brooks of Redlands, California, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of thir marriage on the seventeenth of January. Dr. Brooks was connected with the educational and religious interests of the state of Iowa for forty years, being president of Tabor College for a quarter of a century. Because of the location on the Pacific coast of their son, Raymond C. Brooks, now pastor at Walla Walla, Washington, and other members of the family, Dr. and Mrs. Brooks came to California several years ago, and for the last few years have resided at Redlands. On the 19th of January there will be celebrated at Redlands also the fortieth anniversary of the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Hill, also Iowa pioneers. When Dr. Hill resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Atlantic, Iowa, a few years ago, his period of service in that one church measured close up to 40 years. Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Hill are sisters and were pioneers in living out the ideals of Oberlin College in Southwestern Iowa.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NOTES.

By Traveler.

Highlands is a flourishing church of some 200 members, with Rev. Thomas M. Price as pastor. Highlands is one of the show places of Southern California, being situated in one of the most beautiful and prosperous parts of the orange belt, close to the San Bernardino Mountains.

The church is alive and actively interested in the work of benevolences. They not only pledged the amount apportioned to them but have exceeded it by some $200. The pastor has demonstrated what an interested pastor can do, for his church is not financially stronger than many an other of equal membership, but with an earnest desire to put his church in the front ranks of our benevolent churches he has been able to make so good a record that when the Superintendent of Benevolences visited Highlands for the purpose of presenting the Apportionment Plan he was told that nearly the whole amount of money was already in the bank.

A Workers' Conference.

Rev. John L. Maile, Pastor-at-Large, and the Supeintendent of Benevolences have been holding a number of conferences with the workers of various churches, the object being to assist the pastors with their difficulties or the church with its finances, or to help inaugurate new work or plan for greater usefulness and to encourage and inspire.

A Conference had been appointed for Redondo and the time came on that glorious day when two inches of rain fell within twenty-four hours and all Southern California was singing, "Praise God from who all blessings flow," and when not only the hills clapped their hands for joy but the very gutters overflowed with their fulness.

The Conference was postponed and January 9th set as the time when the Superintendent of Benevolences was to return and assist the officials with their financial budget for the ensuing year. Redondo is one of our small churches, but under the leadership of Rev. William P. Hardy it is making good progress and is a power for righteousness in that community. It also is interested in the Apportionment Plan and will bring up its full allotted portion.

Ventura, is one of our old pioneer churches and still retains something of the spirit of '49. There is a fine parsonage and a comomdious church, beautifully situated within the sight and sound of the sea. Rev. Fred L. Kingsbury ministers to this people very acceptably, but is looking forward to making a change in the near future.

Pilgrim Congregational Church of Los Angeles is the baby of our Conference. It is located in Vermont Square, one of the most rapidly growing parts of the city. The whole neighborhood of several hundred people has been added to that part of the city within the last two years.

Several months ago Rev. C. S. Billings began work in the place by organizing a Sunday-school and holding cottage prayer meetings, and finally a hall was secured and preaching services were regularly held.

Two months ago Rev. C. R. Small of Boston, a graduate of Harvard, was secured and has been called as the regular pastor. He is making a fine beginning and the outlook is very promising.

A Council of Recognition was called for Sunday last by the Association, and after considering the action of the church and the proceedings leading up to the organization and the request for recognition it was voted that the proceedings were satisfactory and that Pilgrim Church be recognized as a member of the Congregational body in Los Angeles city.

Rev. Chester P. Dorland was chosen Moderator and Mr. A. Abernathy Scribe. Rev. B. F. Boller read the Scripture, Rev. Stanley Fisher offered the invocation, and Rev. John L. Maile offered the prayer of consecration. Rev. J. H. Mallows extended the fellowship of the churches and

gave the charge to the pastor. Rev. C. S. Billings narrated the beginning and growth of the work that led up to this service. Rev. Wm. Davies gave the charge to the church and Dr. Wm. Horace Day preached the sermon. Rev. C. R. Small, the pastor, pronouncing the benediction. It was a very interesting occasion and representatives from many of the city churches were present and great interest was manifested in the new church.

MAGAZINE COMBINATIONS.

The Pacific and The Review of Reviews for $3.25.

The Pacific and any one of the following for $2.25: American Magazine, Cosmopolitan, Pearsons, Good Housekeeping, Harpers' Bazaar. If more than one of the foregoing are wanted with The Pacific, add 75 cents to the $2.25 for each additional one desired.

The Pacific and any one of the following for $2.55: McClure's Magazine, World Today, Travel Magazine, The Circle, Hampton's. If more than one of the foregoing is wanted, add $1.00 to the $2.55 for each additional publication.

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"Current Literature" Combination.

Current Literature, American, Good Housekeeping and The Pacific for $4.50.

Current Literature, American and Pacific for $3.80. For American, Good Housekeeping may be substituted.

THE HOME

LET US BE KIND.

By W. Lomax Childress.

Let us be kind;
The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—
That we be kind.
We can not know the grief that men may borrow;
We can not see the souls storm-swept by sorrow,
But love can shine upon the way to-day, to-morrow—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
This is a wealth that has no measure,
This is of heaven and earth the highest treasure—
Let us be kind.
A tender word, a smile of love in meeting,
A song of hope and victory to those retreating,
A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life is fleeting—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
Around the world the tears of time are falling,
And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling—
Let us be kind.
To age and youth let gracious words be spoken,
Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken,
We live in vain who give no tender token—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
The sunset tints will soon be in the west,
Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet breast—
Let us be kind.
And when the angel guides have sought and found us,
Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us,
And heaven and home shall brighten all around us—
Let us be kind.

ELIZABETH'S SECRET.

The man had never met Elizabeth, so I took him to call upon her.

"I'm so glad to see you both! It is so good of you to come," she said, as she shook hands with us.

The call was pleasant. The man, who detests calls, came away reluctantly.

"She is the sort of a woman a man marries," he said, on his way home. "How do you suppose she does it?"

"Does what?"

"How do you suppose she manages to make herself so extremely attractive without being in the least beautiful?"

"It's her secret," I said, "but I'm going to try to find it out."

So the next day I went to see Elizabeth. She saw me coming and met me at the steps. "How perfectly lovely to have you again to-day!" she said, as she held out both hands to me.

"I have come to ask you a very personal question, Elizabeth."

"Take this easy chair. Want a fan? Now, what is the question?"

"Why are you the most attractive woman I know?" I asked.

"You silly thing, I'm not!"

"You certainly are, and I've come to beg you to tell me the secret. Will you?"

"What a question!"

I apologized.

"Don't," she laughed—"don't apologize. If I have a secret you are perfectly welcome to it, you know that. And," reflectively, "maybe I have a secret, and I don't mind telling you the least little bit—really, I don't. You know, dear, I haven't any brains."

I tried to stop her.

"O, everybody knows that. I have no brains to speak of, no talent, no good looks, no figure. So," she pressed the tips of her fingers together and leaned back in her chair, "I had to do something to be anybody. When I was wondering what on earth that something was to be, I happened to meet the most charming woman I ever knew. She was a Southerner. She had brains, education, talent; she had traveled, she was beautiful. You can imagine how she made me feel."

Elizabeth shook a cluster of sweet peas from the jar of blossoms at her side, smelling them daintily.

"When I knew her better I told her how cheap, how absolutely worthless she made me feel. She laid her hand

on my shoulder and said: 'Elizabeth, no matter what you can do or cannot do, you have it in you to be agreeable. Cultivate the art of being agreeable and you can get along without brains, beauty, or money.'" Elizabeth tossed the flowers away. "I wonder if that is what you mean by my secret."

"Yes," I said, "thank you.'

"You are welcome," she said, and she meant it. "O, must you go?"

On my way home I tried to remember one curt, rude, ungracious, irritable, or vulgar word from Elizabeth's lips. I tried to recall an unpleasant or an unkind word or look. I could not. Elizabeth had certainly mastered her art. "If being agreeable made Elizabeth what she is," I thought, "there is hope for the rest of us." And I told the man Elizabeth's secret.—The Circle.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

It is announced that the teaching of cooking and sewing is to be carried further this coming year in the public schools of Cleveland than has ever been attempted before elsewhere in this country.

This is news of exceeding great joy, for the diffusing of a knowledge of housewifery among women will do more for the health and morals of humanity than all the efforts of all the doctors and preachers combined. It will reduce drunkenness, minimize divorce and promote peace and good fellowship, for our stomachs are the chief inspirations of our conduct, and if they are properly taken care of we are able to dwell together with our fellow man and likewise our fellow woman in love and harmony.

That this important branch of a girl's education should have been so long neglected is one of the amazing blunders of our blundering civilization that nobody can explain, for we all know that whatever else a girl may or may not need to know the time will come when the most important piece of information she can possibly possess is the knowledge of how to cook and keep house.

To the romantic it may seem almost sacrilegious to say that the first thing that dents the halo of matrimony is when it collides with the kitchen stove and the bride's colossal incompetence to keep up her end of the joint partnership. When a man marries he has just as much right to expect that his wife will make him a comfortable home as she has a right to expect him to provide the money to support that home, and if either fails to do this they have defaulted on their part of the contract.

As a rule the bridegroom does his share and the bride falls down on hers. She wastes her husband's money because she doesn't know how to manage economically. She sits him down to meals that would kill an ostrich, and she wears herself out and brings on nervous prostration in her amateurefforts to do the work that a woman who knew how could have done with one hand tied behind her and never missed a matinee or a bargain sale.

Now when a hungry and tired man comes home after a hard day's work he wants something good to eat, and he is not going to think many lovely and soulful thoughts across a table that groans under watery potatoes and burnt meat and drowned peas and soggy pie.

There is no way to keep a man at home of an evening like filling him up on a good dinner and giving him a clean, quiet place to read his paper in afterward, and so we are going to hear a deal less of domestic misery when every girl who is graduated from a public school has her little cooking diploma framed and hanging up over her bureau.

The public schools are raising cooking to the position among the fine arts where it belongs, and the day is not far distant when the proud parents of the smart young girl will say when we call of evening, not "Mary, will you recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night' for Mr. and Mrs. Smithers," but "Mary, will you run and get some of that mince pie that you made for dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Smithers? We are so proud of Mary and think she shows decided talent as a pastry cook."—Dorothy Dix.

Young People

A GOOD IMPRESSION.

"She can do a great deal for the one she fancies, and she hinted to your father that she was coming to see which of the girls she liked. Now, try to remember, dear, that she is a model of propriety and hates unconventional things."

"I'll try hard, mamma," said Elizabeth.

Her mother turned about carefully and gave a sigh of relief as she reflected that no one could find fault with Elazabeth's appearance. Very sweet and dainty she looked in her immaculate white dimity, and her face was very serious under the responsibility resting upon her.

Three other girls were listening to practically the same instruction at the same time. To be sure, Aunt Helen and Aunt Lucy did not say anything about being queer; for their girls did not do such unexpected things as Elizabeth sometimes did.

A half hour later the four girls met at the station, where they were to wait for the train which was bringing the long-expected aunt. Aunt Edith might well have been proud of her nieces; and a spectator would have thought she would have to take all four, for there seemed to be no choice among them. All were sweet and modest and dainty, as young girls should be. Aunt Edith was a rich widow, and had said she hoped to take one of the girls home with her.

The train was late. Jessie and Martha paced slowly up and down the shady end of the platform; Hilda and Elizabeth went on a longer walk all the way around the building. In one corner they saw a German immigrant woman seated on her box and trying to keep her flock of little ones near her.

"Poor thing!" cried Elizabeth; "she looks tired to death. She has probably been traveling from New York with all those children. I believe I'll try to amuse them

"O Elizabeth," entreated Hilda, "they'll get you all mussy, and you know auntie will be here soon. I'd help you any other time, but I really can't today," and Hilda glanced down at her dainty gown and gloves. "Come on, dear; let's give the children some pennies and go on."

"Well, at least I am going to ask her if she wants anything and where she is going. Just think how lonely and frightened she may be in this strange place."

Elizabeth addressed the woman in German. The children gathered around, and the mother's face lit up at the sound of her native tongue.

"Hilda," said Elizabeth, "she is going clear to Minnesota. She's been waiting here two hours, and her train doesn't come until three this afternoon. I'm going to show her where she can lie down and rest, and I shall take care of the children for a while."

She held out her hands for the flaxen-haired baby, and it came to her willingly; and Hilda sighed in despair as she saw the damp little head nestled on the white frock. Elizabeth set off for the waiting room, and then took the children out. The baby soon went to sleep, and Elizabeth sat down, keeping the other children near at hand by telling them stories that taxed her German.

"Just look at your dress," said Hilda severely; "and your hat is one side, and your hair is in disorder, and they all look so funny that every one is staring at you."

"Hasn't the baby got pretty hair?" said Elizabeth. "And look at his dimples. He's smiling in his sleep.'

Hilda retreated with a disapproving look.

A few minutes later Elizabeth came out with her kindergarten, as Martha said. The baby was awake now and smiling good-naturedly.

"Im going over to the little lunch stand to get them some milk and sandwiches," said Elizabeth.

"You must not go," cried the others. "The train is due now; it might come while you are gone."

"They're hungry," said Elizabeth, "and it will take only a minute.'

The train did come while she was gone. Aunt Edith, in a fashionable traveling gown, descended and kissed her three pretty nieces. "Where is Elizabeth?" she questioned.

"There she is by the door," said Hilda.

Aunt Edith looked and gasped. "With that Dutch baby?" she cried.

Elizabeth was the center of a striking tableau. She had returned with her charges, each of whom was munching a big sandwich. The mother had awakened and come to collect her brood. She was chattering volubly to express her thanks and trying to take the baby. But the baby clung tightly to his new friend. He was disengaged at length, after being bribed by a rose that Elizabeth wore in her gown. As soon as she could escape, she came to her aunt. The freshness of her frock was gone, her hat more on one side than ever, and her hair in sad disorder. But she was the same sweet, well-bred Elizabeth, and somehow Aunt Edith didn't seem dreadfully shocked.

But Elizabeth thought she had lost her chance, and she confessed the whole matter to her mother as soon as they were alone. "But what could I do, mother? She was a stranger and in need of a little kindness.'

And Elizabeth's mother kissed her and said: "There was only one thing to do, and you did it."

It was several weeks before Elizabeth found out what Aunt Edith really thought. She came into the dining room one day when her mother and aunt were sitting in the next room, and Aunt Edith was just saying: "Yes, I have decided to take Elizabeth with me, if she is willing to go. I want a bright young companion. And then I can get employment for her there, you know; there is a private school right next to my place, and they want a primary teacher. Elizabeth seems fond of children, and I know my recommendation would secure the place for her, and I enjoy her society at the same time. There is a good salary, and I hope you will see no objection to the plan if you can spare her."

Elizabeth did not hear the rest. She ran back upstairs and cried for joy.—Ex.

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